

Lingerie, Second Floor

by Silverspoon

Category: Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: G. Ward, Skye/Daisy

Pairings: G. Ward/Skye/Daisy

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-13 00:29:02

Updated: 2016-04-13 00:29:02

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:00:33

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,171

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Most men hate shopping with their girlfriend. Grant Ward is about to develop a new appreciation for it. Written for the Skyeward Smut Fest.

Lingerie, Second Floor

****Hey guys, this is our second contribution to the Skyeward Smut Fest. It's about as PWP as we've gone so far, we hope you like it! :)****

****Collaboration with WelshWitch1011****

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><p>"We have to be quick."<p>

Skye nodded, biting down on her bottom lip as she gazed at Ward, wide eyed.

"Get in," he murmured, lips brushing her earlobe, tongue dangerously close to the shell of her ear and the sensitive spot that could make her whimper, "get the job done... Get out."

Nodding again, Skye murmured something unintelligible, feeling her heart begin to thrum faster in her chest as excitement overwhelmed her.

"Are you ready?" he checked, his smile growing as Skye allowed her eyes to flicker closed and her hand found his.

"Ward..." she whispered, her voice breathy and full of promise, "I... I've never seen so many pairs of shoes before!"

Chuckling at her remark and the awe struck expression on her face, he

watched as Skye practically twirled amongst the shoe racks, her eyes wide with wonder.

"Remember, we've got a half hour before Coulson starts breathing down our necks," Ward reminded her, trying to focus her attention to the task at hand - find an outfit for the ridiculously exclusive gala dinner they were staking out that night, and get back to base.

It wasn't like Coulson was in the cuddliest of moods, especially since he found out that Skye and the one-time Hydra double-agent were now something of an item. When he'd allowed Ward to rejoin the team after helping to rescue Skye from the Afterlife, Coulson couldn't have predicted that the pair would ever revive their previously doomed love affair.

But they had and, much to the disbelief and chagrin of the majority of their S.H.I.E.L.D. colleagues, their relationship only continued to blossom. Ward now allowed fantasies involving white picket fences, diamond rings, and dark haired, rosy cheeked babies to occasionally permeate his thoughts, along with a wholly different kind of fantasy that he lived out each night in their room - mornings too, when work permitted and they weren't wrenched from their bed by some impending drama or other.

"Oooh!" Skye enthused, picking up a simple pair of black, pointed toe stilettos that she caressed with one eyebrow raised.

"They're so classy and elegant... Kind of sexy too," she stated, glancing up at Ward who simply smirked and then nodded with a glimmer of mischief in his eyes.

"Dresses, Skye!" Ward reminded her gently, although he picked up the pair of heels as he followed the Inhuman whirlwind that was his girlfriend into the clothing section.

"How much is my budget?" Skye demanded, wheeling around to face her boyfriend, who was wearing his most patient smile.

"Coulson said no more than \$500," he relayed, resisting the urge to clamp his hands over his ears when Skye shrieked.

"\$500?" she demanded, disbelief colouring her tone, "for one dress? My van cost less than that!"

"Your van would look kind of out of place at a fancy gala dinner," Ward chuckled, shaking his head as he managed to catch up with Skye and slip his arm through hers, hoping against hope that a physical hand on her might help to stay her childlike excitement.

"Besides," Ward continued, shrugging as he watched Skye trail her fingertips along row upon row of silky, extravagant dresses, "\$500 really isn't that much."

Skye gaped, her eyes wide as she turned to him, her free hand planted on her hip, which jutted out at the sassiest of angles.

"Oh really, Mr. Born With A Silver Spoon Up My Ass?" she quipped, frowning as she turned on her heel and tossed over her shoulder, "remember that some of us grew up wearing the hand-me-downs that three other orphans had peed their pants in."

The couple both turned sharply as a demurely dressed and suitably stone-faced sales assistant appeared at their sides.

"Can I help you?" she asked, giving Skye a once over and frowning noticeably at the young woman's casual appearance. Ward fared slightly better, having worn a suit for their jaunt, and her eyes roved him with a more approving edge.

"Hi!" Skye enthused, arching an eyebrow as the store assistant begrudgingly turned her attention to the pretty brunette.

"My girlfriend needs a dress," Ward began, placing his hand on the middle aged woman's shoulder, "something... Classy, understated..."

He coaching her further with a quirk of his eyebrow. He had been used to dealing with women like this his entire life, and so far his tactics seemed to be working.

"Of course, sir. And... What sort of price are we looking at? It helps if I know your budget," she began, noting the sharp cut of his suit and already imagining the sizeable commission she could hope to take home.

Ward mulled it over for a moment, winking at Skye as he added, "Just find her your most beautiful dress. The price isn't an issue."

As if those were the most magical words she had ever heard in her life, the assistant nodded gleefully.

"A discerning gentleman... How refreshing," she grinned, showing a line of impossibly white teeth. Skye folded her arms across her chest as she watched the woman scurry off towards the back of the store, dollar signs flashing before her eyes.

"Hey, Bruce Wayne?!" Skye cajoled him with her elbow, "I thought Coulson said \$500?"

Shooting her a smirk, Ward jammed his hands in his pockets and offered her a wholly unrepentant smile. "Coulson's not here, and... I have the credit card."

Realising this was yet another swipe that Ward was taking at his former and now current boss, Skye sighed in disdain.

"Look, you two need to work your issues out, Ward. I am not being a part of this... This..." she stopped suddenly mid-sentence, her eyes lighting up as the sales clerk returned with an armful of beautiful, glittering dresses in a variety of lengths, cuts, and colours.

Ward watched her with an affectionate smile, and the gasp that tumbled from her lips made him laugh softly. Sometimes she was so utterly childlike and enchanting that it took his breath away.

"Oh my God... I'm totally being Pretty Woman'd... Aside from the whole hooker thing."

Ward stooped down in order to murmur in her ear, "Is the hooker thing at least negotiable?"

Swatting at his chest, Skye shook her head, her eyes still fixed on the largest pile of gowns and cocktail dresses that she had ever been within twelve feet of.

"Ward, I never thought you'd hear me say this and, believe me, it's painful," Skye began, eyes shining as she continued, "but today is all about putting clothes on, not taking them off."

"Technically, to try those clothes on, you're going to have to take these ones off," Ward coaxed, his finger hooking underneath the waistband of her jeans and tugging gently. Skye brushed his hand aside and frowned, shaking her head as she pointed determinedly at the dresses.

"Grant, I wanna play dress up," she stated, her tone alerting him to the very real dangers of an impending whine.

Ward smirked, and she punched him appropriately on the arm, noting the suggestive glint in his eyes as he looked her up and down and winked.

"Stop looking at me like that," she smiled despite her facade of indignity.

"Like what?" he whispered, leaning in and making her shiver as his breath ghosted her cheek.

"Like you know what I look like naked," she retorted, arching an eyebrow and staring at him with an increasingly mischievous grin tugging at her lips.

Ward let out a puff of laughter, his eyes and face alive with a kind of mirth that Skye knew had never existed before his return to the team and, ultimately, before they had become a couple.

"But I do know," he whispered huskily, kissing her cheek as the sales clerk ushered them back to the changing rooms. Ward decided that their flirtatious interlude was probably not conducive to getting in and out of the clothing store then back to base before Coulson started snarling and foaming at the mouth, but he found himself caring less and less as Skye's enthusiasm mounted.

"Do you need any help trying these on, Miss?" the assistant inquired, barely glancing at Skye as she arranged the hangars of dresses carefully on the rail inside the cubicle.

"No, thanks, I'm pretty sure I can dress myself without any major incidents," Skye replied, her sarcasm evidently lost on the woman, who only stared at her.

"If we need anything, we'll be sure to let you know," Grant stated smoothly, flashing a smile at the assistant, who almost stumbled over her own feet under the weight of his attention. Sniggering, Skye watched the woman retreat from the dressing room whilst leaning against the still open door.

"Okay, go, be a girl," Ward coaxed, ushering Skye inside the cubicle and closing the door behind her. He settled into the chair outside the stall, leaning back and closing his eyes with a smile in place as

he listened to his girlfriend begin to hum softly, a sure sign that she was content.

The distinct sound of a zipper coming undone and then material dropping to the floor followed seconds later, and Ward struggled to prevent himself from imagining what exactly was going on behind the closed door. The sudden tightening at the crotch of his pants was unwelcome, and he crossed his legs in a bid to dispel his lust.

"How's it going in there?" he called out, voice embarrassingly hoarse and the tips of his ears reddening. Mercifully for him, the changing room was otherwise empty, and so there was nobody around to witness him squirm and grow hot under the collar.

"Uh... Well, I'll let you know in a second," she called back, a brief spell of muttering and cursing followed before she opened the door with a triumphant flourish. "So... What do you think?"

Ward gaped, his eyes not knowing which part of her body to settle on first, as Skye stood before him in a short, ridiculously tight sheath dress, that hugged every inch of her curves and left little to the imagination. She turned around and peered over her shoulder, as if trying to check out the back of the dress herself.

"Does this make my ass look big?" she checked, ignoring his incredulous eye roll as she ran her hands down the seams of the dress and cast an analytical eye over her figure .

"Wait... Hang on," she directed, bending down and slipping on the pair of black stilettos. "Okay.. So?"

Ward's mouth opened and closed in quick succession, "I think if you wear that, every guy in the room's gonna be staring at you... Me included."

His mouth grew increasingly dry as he peered at her cleavage, which seemed to have been pushed up and displayed perfectly for his hungry eyes to devour.

"Next dress?" Skye suggested, frowning at her reflection. Grant gulped in air and shakily nodded his head.

"Next dress," he agreed, closing the door behind Skye as she disappeared back into the cubicle.

Ward blew out the breath he had been holding for the last several seconds, hoping to calm the shaking in his knees and the racing of his heart. The sounds of Skye struggling out of her dress did little to aid him, and Ward leaned a palm against the door, momentarily closing his eyes.

In fact, he almost fell through into the cubicle when the door suddenly swung open again without warning, revealing Skye standing perfectly still in the centre, her figure swathed in a floor length pale pink silk number with a back made entirely of lace and a bodice that kissed her narrow waist perfectly.

Ward cocked his head, and both he and Skye wore similar grimaces.

"It's pretty..." Skye stated, lifting up the silk skirt and swirling it around as she peered in the mirror with a frown painting her features, as she concluded, "but..."

"It's not really 'you'," Ward finished her sentence, earning himself a delighted smile from Skye who bobbed her head in agreement.

"Okay... You... Sit tight," she pointed to the chair just outside of the cubicle, "and I'll slip into something... Less pastel."

Ward dutifully took his seat again, propping one ankle up on his knee as he sat back and loosened the tie around his neck. From the corner of his eye he saw the sales assistant pop her head around the entrance to the changing rooms, and he smiled politely in her direction. Shrinking back as she realised she had been spotted, the woman disappeared from view again, leaving the couple alone.

"Okay... I kind of like this one!" Skye stated, opening the door and shooting him an endearingly shy smile. She stood before him in a floor length black, satin dress with a split up the side, and a slightly revealing, plunging neckline that lay across the full curve of each breast.

"Wow," Ward breathed, a smile breaking out across his face as he looked her over. The slow turn she performed had him almost gaping, as he took in the sight of her with a renewed sense of awe that the woman in front of him was his.

Skye giggled, tilting her head back and arching an eyebrow as she felt the desire within his weighted stare. "So I guess this is a keeper?!"

"You look beautiful," he stated honestly, watching as she piled her hair up atop her head and held it there as she twisted and turned in front of the dressing room mirror. His heart fluttered in his chest as he watched her, and his desire was soon outweighed by utter adoration.

Peering at her reflection decisively in the mirror, Skye stated, "I'll put it on the maybe pile."

"The maybe pile?" Ward repeated askance, his head poking around the door frame as he attempted to get a better look at the size of the pile of dresses his girlfriend was in possession of.

"Relax, robot," Skye purred, gently but firmly pushing him back out of the stall as she planted a kiss on his lips and murmured, "we're having fun, right?"

Thirty minutes and six dresses later, Ward was almost certain that he indeed was not having fun; not even remotely close. He slumped in his chair, head lolling backwards, and his tie now completely removed and jammed in his breast pocket whilst his shirt was open to the neck. Skye was still holed up in the stall, talking to herself in a less than pleased tone, and Ward rolled his eyes as he listened to her groaning in frustration.

"Skye, baby, please," Ward ground out in a whiny tone that he was somewhat ashamed of, "just pick a dress. Just one. You look amazing in them all."

"No, absolutely not!" Skye protested, her tone outraged as she contemplated the idea, "I need the perfect outfit. Something sexy but understated... elegant but kind of modern too."

Ward let out a groan, grumbling under his breath, "Why don't you just wear your damn underwear?"

He was greeted by perfect silence, and the anticipated snarky response he had been expecting from her failed to materialise. Listening to the sound of a zip being lowered and a rustle of material, he sat back and dutifully awaited her next offering.

The door of the cubicle opened slowly, and when Ward lifted his weary gaze to take in yet another almost identical yet apparently unsuitable dress, his breath was torn from his body in a sharp gasp.

"Something like this?" she teased her top lip with the tip of her tongue, straightening up and then planting her hands on her hips, as she stood clad in just a black, lace, push-up bra, and a matching thong that was scandalously lacking in material.

She smirked as his gaze raked her body ravenously, and his eyes flitted between the swell of her breasts, and the tiny piece of fabric that barely covered her centre.

Resisting the urge to drop down on her knees and take him in her mouth, Skye planted one hand on her hips and used the other to tentatively tease her body, sweeping first over her breasts, and then dipping provocatively into the band of her panties.

"I'm getting bored with trying all these dresses on," she pouted, her eyes zoning in on his crotch as he shifted desperately in his seat. "Want to help a girl out, Ward? I could use a hand..."

She punctuated her point by sliding her hand into her underwear, leaning back against the door and closing her eyes as she traced her outer lips and dared to dip a finger into her folds. Removing her hand, she grinned as she watched him climb decisively to his feet, and in less than two strides he had pushed her back into the stall. Offering up her hand, she moaned as he captured her wrist and drew her fingertips to his lips, releasing his own groan of approval as he sucked her fingers and tasted her juices.

Without turning around, he slammed the cubicle door and somehow managed to slide the lock back into place. He attacked her mouth with his own immediately, his tongue dominating hers as he used both hands to push her back against the mirror and hold her in place. Skye moaned into his mouth and he took just a moment to draw away from her and shake his head in warning.

"You have to be quiet," he whispered, his fingers toying with the strap of her bra, "you think you can do that?"

Her eyes darkening with lust as she nodded her head silently, Skye smirked as Ward slid the bra strap over the curve of her shoulder and

then pushed the cup completely away from her breast. Her nipple puckered as the cold air assaulted it, but Ward was taking it into his mouth just a moment later, and lapping at it with his warm tongue. Skye felt a rush of moisture dampen the scrap of material between her legs. She resisted the urge to whimper as Grant unclasped the back of her bra, mouth still fastened around one breast, and then immediately began to massage the other when the bra fell away to the floor.

As his fingers drifted lower, teasing the hem of her panties aside, Skye finally came to her senses and stayed his hand. Ward stopped sucking her nipple, his head raised inquisitively as he glanced to Skye's face. Her expression was lust filled and still belayed that she very much wanted him.

"Wait," she whispered, grabbing his collar in both hands and tugging at it gently in order to force him to straighten up, "you've been so good, waiting for me to try on all these dresses... I want to give you your reward."

Smirking, a jolt of desire shooting straight to his crotch, Ward only nodded and stood up to his full height. Skye's smile was pleased and somewhat mischievous, but she pushed herself away from the mirror without another word and suddenly fell to her knees in front of Ward. Instinctively, his hand drifted to the crown of her head as she began to unzip his pants. She could see the defined bulge of his cock beneath his Calvin Kleins, and she took a moment to brush her fingertip over it in order to taunt him just a little.

"Not as hard as you could be," she observed, before abruptly pushing his pants down to allow them to pool at his ankles. His underpants followed soon after, revealing his member standing half erect against his stomach, with beads of glistening precum prevalent on the tip. Skye's tongue darted forward and she licked them up quickly, giggling as she noted how Grant's entire body tensed.

She continued to languidly lick at his swollen member, until the more pressing issue of time suddenly reminded her that they needed to be quick. Gazing up at him from behind a fan of thick lashes, she took him as far into her mouth as his size would allow. Cheeks hollowing out, she sucked with increasing fervour as she began an in and out motion that pulled a wrecked cry from his lips, as she swallowed him down further and further towards the back of her throat.

"Skye..." he groaned, his fingers tangling in her hair as he tried desperately to garner some control. Yet when she sat back on her heels for a moment, he felt his desire only heighten whilst she pumped him in her hand and then knelt up to push her breasts together, sliding his engorged cock between the impossibly soft globes and licking the tip as he thrust between them.

"Just relax..." she commanded, her eyes sliding to the full length mirror beside them, "and watch."

His heart thrummed heavily against his rib cage as he kept his eyes trained on their reflections, his pupils dilating until his eyes were entirely clouded over by lust as he watched her on her knees, taking his cock between her breasts and into her mouth with the kind of filthy moans that conveyed her own enjoyment. He stared at her mirror image, the sway of her breasts, and how her back arched as she moved

over him, her ass uncovered by the g-string, rolling up tantalizingly with each bobbing motion.

She sucked harder, groaning against his member as she took him deep into her mouth, and the vibration sent a shock wave to the pit of his stomach and he felt himself rapidly tumbling towards a climax. He stared intently as her hand disappeared into her panties once again, and he watched with building jealousy as her finger pushed up inside herself, and she rolled her hips, desperately trying to release some of the tension.

"No..." Ward gasped, clenching the fingers of one hand into a fist as he fought against the increasing likelihood of his orgasm.

Skye made a soft noise of inquiry in the back of her throat, but refused to stop, her lips sliding up and down his shaft in a delicious rhythm. Finally, Ward seized the tops of her arms firmly, and hauled her to her feet. Skye had no time to protest as he slammed her against the wall, one hand cupping her rear and the other encircled around her bicep. In a surprisingly fluid movement, he nudged aside her thong with his cock and drove deep inside of her, whilst simultaneously sliding his hand under her thigh and using it to force her leg upwards. The position allowed him to drive deeper inside of her, and he swallowed his own moans quickly.

His pace was frantic, frenzied even, and he slid in and out of her walls with all his usual tenderness absent as his need to spill himself inside of her grew. Skye took it willingly, hitching her leg up higher to allow him to slide further inside, aided by the wetness leaking out of her and down her thigh. Ward grunted hard and with his free hand he reached for her clit, beginning to rub at it in a pace that matched his thrusts. Skye bit her lip, obediently remaining silent, although she could still hear Ward's soft, muted grunts, only serving to heighten her arousal.

It was over all too quickly for her liking, and the next instant she felt Ward's entire body shudder before his dick pumped violently, his seed filling her to impossible proportions. However, even as he came, his eyes locked on hers and his mouth pressed into a tight line to silence himself, he frantically massaged her clit, refusing to cease thrusting his in and out motion until she tumbled over the edge with him.

"Cum for me," he demanded, his voice soft and surprisingly put together. Momentarily forgoing her usually defiant nature, Skye's head dropped back against the wall as she felt her release building and escalating in the pit of her stomach.

"Oh, God..." she ground out between clenched teeth, her legs beginning to shake as she clasped at his shoulders, her fingers clawing at the fabric of his suit as she came violently in his arms. Her walls clamped down rhythmically around his cock, and he stifled a groan as he felt her core pull him in deeper, their fluids beginning to ebb from around his member even as he still filled her.

Skye panted, exhaustion beginning to take over as she felt her knees bow, and he grasped onto her tightly to support her weight, slipping from her body with a groan of displeasure.

"Guess I'll be going commando on the way home," she giggled, as he

set her down on her feet and swept his hand up the inside of her thigh, his fingertips meeting with the fluids trickling down her skin, having already soaked through the tiny scrap of lace. It was an almost feral smile that settled on his lips as he stroked her skin, and she gasped as in one swift motion he ripped the tiny garment from her body, tearing the flimsy fabric with a smirk on his face.

"Grant, we have to..." she coaxed, her words dying on her lips as he was suddenly on his knees before her, gently spreading her lips with his thumbs and lapping furiously at her still throbbing clit.

"_Fuck me_..." she whispered, her words catching in her throat as he licked and sucked until her knees began to tremble.

"We don't have time..." she protested, although the tightness that had already started to coil in her belly told her otherwise, and she found herself spreading her legs to grant him better access to her dripping centre.

"We both know that's not true," he smirked, returning his head between her thighs and expertly playing her body just as he knew she liked, in a way that never failed to make her climax, time after time. He felt her hips arch up and she ground against his mouth, her head falling back against the wall as she tore her eyes open and watched their reflection, fascinated by the movement of the muscles in his neck and jaw as he sucked and lapped at her folds.

Fingers grasping at his short hair, she felt herself about to fall over the edge, and as he sucked down hard on her clit and swirled his tongue around the swollen bud, he pushed two fingers up inside her and she choked back a scream. She came against his mouth, her body clamping down almost painfully on his thrusting digits.

Noisily, almost hungrily, Grant sucked her warm juices into his mouth, swallowing hard and with a pleased groan. Skye continued to pant, her hand on her abdomen, as she allowed wave after wave of pleasure to wash over her body.

Finally, drawing the encounter to a close, Ward rose to his feet, mouth and chin still slick with her, and began to gather his pants. Skye continued to stare at him, traces of a smile playing over her lips.

"I guess I should probably pick a dress..." she stated, her voice still breathy and betraying physical exertion. Ward nodded, the smirk coming easily to his lips.

"The first one," he said, almost firmly. "I can't wait to see you in it later... And then out of it again tonight."

Mind made up, Skye grabbed the hangar where the first, slinky black dress she had tried on was neatly arranged, whilst Ward collected her street clothes, which were strewn around the cubicle as though they had been discarded in great haste.

"You know, I'm pretty sure this isn't what Coulson had in mind when he sent us dress shopping," Skye stated with a chuckle, her eyes drifting to Ward's face as she shrugged back into her shirt and began to fasten the buttons.

Bending his head, he kissed her tenderly, chuckling as she reached out and brushed at his lips and chin with her fingertips, finally removing any lingering traces of herself from his skin.

He gathered her hands together and clasped them to his chest before peering down at her with such awe struck, genuine adoration, that Skye felt her breath hitch in her throat.

"Guess you're not bored with me yet, huh?" she teased, knowing full well that it wasn't even a remote possibility. Whatever had gone on between her and Ward in the past, there was no denying that the bonds between them, now properly forged, were unlikely to ever be broken.

Ward shook his head, pressing his lips to her cheek as he stated huskily, "Every fantasy I ever let myself have is about you."

Skye smiled, conscious of what sounded suspiciously like other people being led into the dressing room area. Yet the expression on his face left her unable to extract herself from his arms.

"That's a pretty big deal to live up to," she teased, stroking her palm up his cheek and brushing her thumb across his lips.

He shook his head, as if the very opposite were true.

"Not really," he admonished, leaning his head closer until his lips grazed her ear, "because I love you."

Hugging him tightly, Skye kissed him once, twice, delighting in being able to show him such affection - to let him know that for the first time in his life, he was loved so very much.

"I love you too," she stated, punctuating her words with a third and final kiss before the sound of approaching footfalls forced the couple to finally draw apart.

Smiling up at her, Ward bent down and picked up her now torn and previously discarded panties, shoving them into his pocket with a wink as she tugged on her jeans, socks, and boots in record time.

"We should get out of here," Ward advised, picking up the dress Skye had decided on, along with the stiletto shoes, "I don't really want to get arrested again, and something tells me Coulson wouldn't exactly be forthcoming with bail money."

Grinning, Skye looped her arm through Ward's, pushing the cubicle door open with the toe of her boot. They strolled out into the changing rooms, ignoring the vaguely stunned glance the assistant shot at them, their spirits still high and bodies tingling with pleasure.

Of one thing, Skye was certain - if every store run with Grant was set to end in the same way, she would have to convince him to take her shopping more often.

End

file.